In Vein (feat. The Weeknd)

Rick Ross

I don't got a single sober vein in my body
I don't got a single sober vein in my bodyDon't apologize, I quite enjoy messy
I see that bottle after bottle got you goin' crazy
And doin' shows after shows got me so lazy
So ride it out for me, and take it off for me
It's a good vibe, good vibe, good vibe
Don't you ever threaten niggas with a good time
She wanna buy a dream, I said I don't sell it
But she can rent it for a night, I don't mind, open wide
Cause all this fame, I earned it, I might as well use it
Private elevator goin' straight to my unit
All my niggas 'round me, gettin' kickback pussy
All my killas 'round me, all be hiding in Stussy
Can't nobody stop me, used to be homeless
Now that penthouse at the Ritz where my home is
Tour bus like a National GeographicBitches runnin' wild gettin' faded in the bathroomIt makes me smile, it makes me smile
Cause I got it
It makes me smile, it makes me smileCause I got it
All the pain, sweat and tears, just to get a pieceBut now we got itMan look at the kid now, can nobody stop me
I don't got a single sober vein in my body
Fuck it like a thug nigga, young nigga, new Ferrari
Old money, I just 'fraid the lord with us
Condo blow money, like it's all dope money
Come short wet niggas, like a speed boat coming, oh lord
Mo money, mo money, these rich young niggas ain't ever know money
Bel-Air running down the Rollie on her arm
Pinky ring six-hundred, what you know about it
I'm the champ, baby, Real Deal Holyfield
Got the [?] went and bought the crib25 mil, I'm doing 25-to-life100 acres, keep my shooters all through the night
Every chandelier rented, one-mil20 chandelier's moterfucker who real
I just wanna show her what I live like
Wearing a white burqa on a winter night
Fuck a burqa now she in the Bentley
That's when she went and tatted double M GNow I ballin' deep, deeper than the rap
She give me brain she a mastermind to be exact
I give her game and she give it back
Sip syrup so I fuck slow, sip more I wanna fuck more
Gotta grind 'till your eyes close, stay strapped till the trap close
They scream Maybach on the cell blocks

All my dogs who used to sell Glocks
They say the niggas in the jail talk
How your homies commissary fell off, what make it worse he get an elbows25-to-life
dead wrong on the cell phone
It makes me smile, it makes me smile
Cause I got it
It makes me smile, it makes me smile
Cause I got it
All the pain, sweat and tears, just to get a piece
But now we got it
Man look at the kid now, can nobody stop me
I don't got a single sober vein in my body
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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